

GOLDEN DAYS OF THE TURF

MEN AND HORSES FAMOUS IN AMERICAN RACING ANNALS.

Memories Recalled by the Last Scenes at the Historic Saratoga Racecourse—Noted Battles of Owners—Achievements of the Dwyers, Gen. Sanford and Others—James R. Keene's Wins—W. C. Whitney's Turf Record.

SARATOGA, Aug. 27.—As the sun went down to-night beyond the western Adirondack foothills the gates of the historic Saratoga racecourse were locked, perhaps never again to be unlocked for a race meeting given by the Saratoga association.

To be sure the great Futurity will be run here on Wednesday, but that will be for the account and the valetudinary of the Coney Island Jockey Club. By the irony and the majesty of fate the richest prize for thoroughbred babies that the world knows will be run off on a borrowed track. But if track borrowing were necessary, what more appropriate course for possibly the last running of the Futurity than that at Saratoga, where memory lives the best of all that is old and all that is new in the history and romance of the American turf?

The will of one man and public senti-



Photo copyright by J. C. Hemment.
GEN. STEPHEN SANFORD AND HIS SON JOHN SANFORD.

The Jockey Club's expert gives the value of horses in training at \$2,000,000, the number of men employed in training stables at 3,500 and the amount received by them in wages per year as \$1,000,000. The amount invested in the real estate of stock farms is given at \$5,000,000. It would seem when one thinks of all the broad acres included in the thoroughbred stock farms of the United States that a more correct figure would be \$10,000,000. The amount invested in stock on the farms is given as \$3,500,000.

In the last two years, since the question of legislation adverse to racing has been acute in this State, there has been a marked increase in the record of exporting thoroughbred horses to England, France and South America. The Jockey Club record of these exportations is as follows:

1908. 500 brood mares and 500 yearlings
1909. 500 brood mares and 200 yearlings
1910. 500 brood mares and 200 yearlings

The record of prices brought at the sales of these horses was not within 50 per cent. of what it would have been had they been sold in this country under former conditions.

In 1907 3,800 thoroughbred foals were registered, in 1908 3,700 and in 1909 3,000, and it is estimated that less than 2,000 will be registered in 1910.

In 1908 J. B. Haggin, the largest breeder of thoroughbreds in this country and owner of the Elmendorf Stud, bred 400 mares; in 1909 187, and in 1910 150. The auction sales of thoroughbreds in New York State, which formerly amounted, according to the Jockey Club expert, to between \$1,200,000 and \$1,400,000 annually, will not exceed in 1910 \$300,000.

The partnership between a few wealthy sportsmen and a few reputable and dis-

turb meet again at Saratoga. The hoof beats of Salvo over the prepared track at Monmouth, when a new record for the mile was established, come back to us through the years as we listen, in memory, to the hoofbeats of Springbok and Frodoose, as they race neck and neck past the judges' stand on even terms for the Saratoga Cup.

Those are mellow memories of mellow times, when gentlemen drank from the stirrup cup, when gentlemen were sportsmen and sportsmen were gentlemen, and when the American thoroughbred ran true to his form.

Those were the days when the first August Belmont and John Hunter and William R. Travers, who together owned and raced the great Kentucky and James M. Martin, the first president of the Saratoga Racing Association, and Leonard Jerome, who won many a dollar on one dime, and Gen. Stephen Sanford, still looking through his field glasses at the racing of the horses of his own breeding at the Hurricane Farm, raced for glory first and money last and then talked it all over at a dinner at Moon's, washed down with an old burgundy or an older port.

And then there came that later epoch when the get of Lexington, "the father of the American thoroughbred," and Kentucky and Longfellow and Bonnie Scotland and Virgin and Glenelg and Himyar came to the races, and the butcher brothers of Brooklyn, Mike and Phil Dwyer, were invincible on the racecourses of the East from the days of Rhamanthus to the days of Hanover.

To be sure, the measure of the Dwyers' horses was sometimes taken by those turfmen from the Kentucky blue grass, Chinn and Woodford and Milton Young and J. W. Hunt Reynolds, and later by James R. Keene, the sturdy and grizzled vice-chairman of the Jockey Club.

But individual turf history has no finer record, not even that of the Duke of Westminster, or the Earl of Rosebery or even of England's late King than that of the Dwyer brothers while their red, blue sash and red cap were carried by Rhada-



Photo copyright by J. C. Hemment.
R. T. WILSON, JR., AND AUGUST BELMONT.

manthus, the black beauty that was their first thoroughbred venture, Bramble, Miss Woodford, George Kinney, Barnes, Hindoo, Luke Blackburn, Tremont, Hanover and Handspring.

And then came that Western invader E. J. Clucky Baldwin, lucky in mining and lucky on the turf, when he brought from the broad acres of the Santa Anita Farm in California, 3,000 miles across the continent, Los Angeles, that wonderful daughter of Glenelg and La Polka, to measure strides with the best in the East and beat them: Mission Bell, whose tolling as she flashed by the winning post knelled the defeat of some of the smartest fillies bred in Kentucky or anywhere else, and the mighty E. sper of Norfolk, believed by Baldwin to be the greatest thoroughbred that ever wore plates, and the game Volante.

And by and by in those golden, golden days came that lustrous, crusty, fighting Irishman Ed Corrigan with Modesty, queen of the turf ladies of her time, Free-land, who seemed to be fit to race for any man's money on any day and on any track, and Pearl Jennings, she who could race and win straight miles or mile heats with equal satisfaction to her, her owner and her backers.

Meanwhile the brothers Lorillard, Pierre and George L. Pierre, the master of Ranocas and the owner of the great Parole and Froquois, the only American bred horse that ever won the English Derby, and Barrett and Uneas; George L., owner of the great Monitor and the unbeaten Sensation and Ferida, which, like old Ben Holliday, could run better Dwyer brothers while their red, blue sash and red cap were carried by Rhada-

son Young and Gen. Jackson of Belle Meade and Baldwin and Corrigan and the rest and more than holding their own. And right about here in the turf almanac may be found the turf debut of those two ultra fashionable young gentlemen Frederic Gebhard and E. Berry Wall.

Both Gebhard and Wall had recently come into their inheritances. Gebhard by way of honest whiskey and Wall by the ropewalk. Wall was in the limelight as King of the Dudes. Gebhard, quiet, self-possessed, tall and broad of shoulder and as handsome and well dressed a boulevardier as any metropolis ever knew, was the owner of Eole, the splendid son of Eolus and War Song, Eolus, by the same sire and St. Saviour, later to become a sensational thoroughbred and a sensational sire. The speed and stamina of Eole were transmitted to Ethelbert and by him to those great thoroughbreds of to-day Fitz Herbert and Dalmatian. Wall broke into the turf with two horses, Wallflower and Ghost.

Phew! But it was a swift pace that Gebhard and Wall set. Double eagles to either of them were as dimes, and there seemed to be no bottom to the cash barrel of either. But there was, and poor Gebhard is slowly dying to-day in what to him must be modest lodgings on the border of the gay White Way, which he knew and loved as well. Wall is no longer regarded as the King of the Dudes, but if fashions didn't change he had clothes enough left from his halcyon days to keep him comfortably clothed for a decade or two.

Wall, as the story comes down through the years, took umbrage at something Gebhard was alleged to have said. He concluded to take up the matter and settle it in the barroom of the United States Hotel at Saratoga. Nobody outside of a very few ever knew what really took place, but the pleasantest of giving did not exist between the two young men, and the outcome of it all was a lot of talk about a match race between Eole and Wallflower. The match was not



Photo copyright by J. C. Hemment.
JAMES R. KEENE TALKING TO JESSE LEWISOHN.

arranged, and so far as history records that was the last personal encounter between Gebhard and Wall. But it was not long after that Eole scored a memorable triumph when from post to finish he won for his owner the famous match race against Milton Young's Getaway at Saratoga on August 12, 1881. Getaway was the favorite, but Eole won the match by four lengths.

John Morrissey, champion prizefighter of the world, gambler, Congressman and first losses of the Saratoga track, having been gathered to his fathers, Charles Reed, still hale and hearty, though not far from 80, succeeded to the ownership of the famous Saratoga Club and became lessee of the Saratoga track. He had made the experiment of raising thoroughbreds in the north country, at the Meadow Brook Farm on the eastern shore of Saratoga Lake.

Although he imported Fechter and Lowlander from England and had among his mares the great Thora and Henlopen, the venture was not a success. Then he abandoned the north country farm, went to Tennessee, bought Exile and sent to the racetrack such horses as Dobbins and Yorkville Belle.

Gen. Stephen Sanford had been experimenting in the breeding of thoroughbreds at Amsterdam, N. Y., with indifferent success. In the Saratoga Club one night Reed got the General over in a corner and told him he could never get size and strength and speed in horses bred in a cold climate. Gen. Sanford is a very determined man. He usually carries through to success that which he plans. A good many years ago he made up his mind to make the best car-pets in the United States in his mills at Amsterdam. Some who know about carpet making say that he did. He had made up his mind to raise winning thoroughbreds on his own farm, even if that farm were in the Mohawk Valley and they had to plough out the roads in winter to let even log sleighs pass. So, quite characteristically, he replied to Reed:

"Read, you wait and see. I shall not only breed winners at Hurricane, but I shall send to the races breakers of records. I give you my word and I keep my word."

Gen. Sanford is a gentleman of the old school and of great dignity. When he made that statement to Charles Reed it was to him the equivalent of giving his bond. It was absolutely necessary, therefore, to make good, and the General did.

and gold stripes were sported by horses entered by plain "S. Sanford." For some reason or other the General concluded to let the tail wag the dog and now all of the Sanford horses are sent to the races as owned by former Congressman John Sanford, Gen. Sanford's only son.

The combination of father and son made more than good the statement made by Gen. Sanford to Charles Reed in the Saratoga Club years ago. The Sanfords bought the great Clifford and Isidore and some other stallions and installed them at Hurricane, and then they bought La Tosca of Pierre Lorillard and other really bred matrons, and when they got ready they sent to the races a Chutanunda and a Molly Brandt and a Caughnawaga and a Rockett, and this year what appears to be Chutanunda's invincible son, Herkimer.

The Sanfords do not believe in early racing. They begin their campaign at Saratoga. Gen. Sanford has as much regard for his thoroughbreds as an art collector would have for peachblow vases or other rare Chinese porcelains.

Along about 1901 or 1902 he had a colt—maybe it was Rockett—that had shown phenomenal speed in its trials, and Hayward, son of the famous old jockey, who trained the Sanford horses at that time, thought that he had a Futurity winner. Not long after the stable had arrived at Saratoga Rockett, if that were the colt, bucked his shine. Gen. Sanford heard of it. At the track the next day he sent



Photo copyright by J. C. Hemment.
PHIL DWYER.

for Hayward and told him to send the colt back to the farm.

"But, General," said Hayward "bucked shins don't amount to anything. He will be well in a few days and will win the Futurity."

"Hayward," said the General, "I told you to send that colt home. I think I have made my meaning quite clear."

The colt, with a few hairs off his shine, was sent back to Amsterdam and there was no Futurity to the Sanfords' credit. In that wonderful land that is bounded and populated by memories of the turf one may not wander without seeing all over again those wonderful long distance races, like the Westchester Cup at Jerome Park, at two miles and a quarter, where George L. Lorillard's Monitor, with Cor-tello in the saddle, took the measure of McKim's General Monroe, ridden by the daredevil Fitzpatrick, and of Eole, guided by Billy Donohue, or the Monmouth Cup, at two miles and a quarter, at the old Monmouth course, where Monitor again beat Eole by a scant length, Cor-tello and Donohue again being the jockeys. Then there was the Champion Stakes



Photo copyright by J. C. Hemment.
WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

ment has stopped race-track gambling. The will of one man and public sentiment has made waste places of nine racecourses, made of probably \$10,000,000 of stock farms simply beautiful grazing grounds, made uncounted millions of dollars of thoroughbred racing stock in and out of training of practically no value and forced probably 200,000 men to seek new employment after lifetimes devoted to the development of the American thoroughbred.

As to the values that have been affected by race-track legislation in this State one of the experts of the Jockey Club submits the following statistics:

Belmont Park	\$2,500,000
Saratoga	1,000,000
Coney Island	3,000,000
Brighton Beach	1,000,000
Empire City	200,000
Brooklyn Jockey Club	1,000,000
Jamaica	300,000
Aqueduct	200,000
Buffalo	200,000
Total	\$5,800,000

These figures would seem to the non-expert in race track values to be in some cases altogether too low, but they are given for what they are worth.



Photo copyright by J. C. Hemment.
MIKE DWYER AND COL. ABE DANIELS.



Photo copyright by J. C. Hemment.
PIERRE LORILLARD AND HIS COMMISSIONER.



Photo copyright by J. C. Hemment.
FRED GEBHARD TALKING TO ARTHUR TURNURE.